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My Birth

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My Birth

Sandra Castellan

Nearly spilling the contents of his black bag,
The hurried army doctor trips up
The tall flight of stairs to our Aberdeen Street home.
From behind a glassed pane directly across the street,
A sister of nine gasps in awe
Expecting a baby to topple from his satchel!

Behind the gray door at the top of that 14th stair,
At home I lay on my mother's soft, smooth belly,
Warming in the glow of my father's radiance.
Our bed, a banquet size dining table
Softened with thick layers of yesterday's news
Sopping in the afterbirth.

We await the tardy one rushing through the door
Whose skilled fingers will separate me
From the lifeline of my mother.
A prouder father, nor happier mother there never was!
An experience that bonds us three forever.
I am daddy's little girl, and mommy's precious gem.

Pebble

Serena Niensted

A pebble
satiny smooth
travail rounded
lies dark and lustrous
agleam in the sunlight
washed by wave after wave
higher and higher
onto the shore

Until the ebbing tide
gives it rest
above any cresting wave
Dried by the sun
It lies dull and lifeless
bereft of dreams
of the pounding sea.